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News from *Westminster*;

OR

Presbyterian *JOHN* Tossed in a Blanket,

A Young sanctify'd Saint, by Profession a Taylor, whose place of Residence was in *Coven-Garden*, near *Bedfordbury*, the most starcht up Zealot that belonged to that holy and unpolluted Tribe, being a strict Bigot to his Opinion; insomuch that he had been often heard to Vow, That he would never take any Woman to Wife, was she a *Helen* for Beauty, and endowed with the largest of Portions, except she was of his own Opinion; neither did he doubt but by the force of his Eloquence to bring her to his Persuasion, altho' she were a profest Papist, or High flyer, which are no better: Such Magick was in his Cant, that would certainly work such a Reformation in the most assured Female of any opposite Opinion to him; these and such like Boastings of Mr. Stitch, was so frequently used by him, and over-heard by one of his Shop-mates a Church-man, who told this Zealot that he could help him to the sight of a very accomplished person of the fair Sex, a Lady's Woman, who was no less Beautiful than Vertuous, a modest affable, prudent and courteous Maid, very gentiel, in every respect all qualify'd.

But the Difficulty was this, that she was a strong Church of *England* Woman, as was her Relations before her, and the Family she lived in, and by consequence, it was to be feared, she would by no means condescend to abandon her Religion for the sake of a Husband; therefore he feared such a Tryal would be very fruitless.

Quoth Neighbour *John*, none except of my own Opinion, or at least, that I am perswade to be so, so I care not for asking the Question in that kind to High-flyers. This passed on till on a Holy-day, *John's* Shopmate took him to the said Lady's House, he having a Brother a Foot-man in the said Family, by means of which they had free admittance into the House.

There it was the Saint fixed his sanctify'd Eyes on the Lady's Woman, and was ready to turn up his Whites, in Transports of amazement at her Comeliness; Nay, he became enamoured so much, that in going home, he told his Shop-mate, he must obtain Mrs. *Jane* to Wife, that being her Name, or Death, inevitable Death, must be his Portion.

Well then, said the other Count her and wed her if you can, but forget not your Vow; Stitch made her sundry Visits, Treats and Presents, and began to acquit himself Modish, his Watch in his Pocket, and all things in order. At length Matters came to that head, that he began to talk and expostulate upon Matters of Religion with his Mistress, and also of his Vow, which he thought never to break. Mrs. *Jane* told him, she should ever retain her Integrity, except he could Convince her; then did *John* explain all Matters in order to turn her, and at length pulling out a Silver Snuff Box, with the Effigy of Old *Noll* on it, she said she would shew it to some of the Family, who, after viewing the Box, contrived to manage its Zealous Owner, insomuch as decoying him into a back Room, they tossed him in a Blanket for 3 Hours, and after turn'd him out of Doors, with a Charge of coming here no more.

Stitch being almost dead with the brunt of the Blanket, was forced to retire to a House where the Saints have their Refort, and taking a Cup of Refreshment, lamented his Misfortune and the Loss of his Mistress. And it is feared he will fall into Dispair for his unexpected Disappointment, depending wholly upon his Sanctity and other Perfections, which he thought merited other Treatment.